Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXIV., No. 27. MONTREAL, JULY 7, 1899. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

'Not Man Enough to be a Christian.'

('Light in the Home.')

The summer had passed. The shortened days of October were giving warning of approaching winter. The Long Vacation, with its cricket and tennis, was over, and the undergradutes were starting for another term of work or idleness. Charley Montague was the son of a squire in a pleasant country village. He was a tall, manly-looking fellow, with a strong frame and older in appearance than many, a great favorite with all his friends. He was to start the next day for Cambridge, and had strolled down towards evening to say good-bye to the wife of the vicar. The inhabitants of parsonage and hall were on terms of close friendship and the vicar's wife, a bright little woman, had known and loved Charley from his infancy, and was beloved by him in return. They were strolling about the quaint old vicarage garden, talking of many matters and of his career at the University. Gradually their talk became more serious, and at last, looking up to the face of her tall companion, the vicar's wife said, 'Charley, I'm afraid you're not man enough to be a Christian.'

I'M AFRAID YOU'RE NOT MAN ENOUGH TO BE A CHRISTIAN.'

Soon after they parted, and Charley went home to prepare for an early start the next day.

But ringing through his mind throughout that night there ever came the words, 'You're not man enough to be a Christian.'

He could not shake off the impression. As he dropped asleep, the words mingled with his dreams, and as he woke they seemed again to be sounding in his ears—'Charley, you're not man enough to be a Christian.'

When at length he rose, he knelt by his bedside, not as in the past too often, to 'say his prayers,' but earnestly to ask of his God that he might have strength to be and shew himself to be, in the truest and best sense of the words, 'a Christian.'

He started for Cambridge. At first he was alone in the compartment of the railway carriage, and he had taken a pocket bible with him, and with it open on his knee he was alternately reading and thinking, and still the words of the vicar's wife rang in his ears—'Not man enough to be a Christian.'

Presently the train stopped at a station, and he heard the voice of a cheery college friend giving directions to the porter about his luggage. His friend soon saw him and made for his carriage. Charley's first and very natural impulse was to close his bible and put it into his pocket. He was like many such men, very sensitive to chaff, and did not like to be caught reading the bible in the train. It was not the style of thing he had been accustomed to do, and he knew his friend would in all likelihood quiz him unmercifully.

But then again he seemed to hear the words, 'Not man enough to be a Christian.' Should he prove their truth at the very first opportunity? Should he hide his colors at the very first chance of a shot? No. God helping him, he would now 'play the man.'

So the little bible remained upon his knee as he warmly greeted his friend and received a kindly greeting from him. For a moment or two his friend did not notice it, but only for a moment.

'Hullo, Charley! Are you turned saint?'

A burning blush came over Charley's honest face. But as he breathed a silent prayer, the strength he longed for was given.

'No, Dick,' he quietly replied; 'I am afraid I'm very far from that. I've often longed to be better than I have been, but I have been a miserable coward; I have been ashamed of God, and have not been man enough to be a Christian.'

His friend was sobered at once—he saw that Charley was in earnest; he knew he was no excitable enthusiast; but a sober-minded and thoroughly honest man. So he ceased to chaff him; a quiet conversation followed. Dick shewed that he too was not without anxious thoughts, and Charley's first 'playing the man' resulted in both himself and his friend becoming earnest, brave and manly Christians, whose action led others of their set to follow their example. And when next he and his friend Dick walked with the vicar's wife in the quaint old garden, how she thanked God for the inspiration which led her to make the remark on which the incident related hinged, and how joyfully she acknowledged that now her stalwart friend Charley was 'man enough to be a Christian.'

My Legal Property.

A Christian peasant had a neighbor who feared not God nor regarded man. The two had once been great friends; but ever since the peasant had found his Saviour, his unbelieving friend had seized every opportunity of trying his patience, and provoking him, but in vain. Our friend walked by God's grace in those steps of our Lord Jesus Christ, of which we read in 1 Peter 2: 21-23. The more silent and forbearing he was, the more provoking was the other.

During a hay-harvest this neighbor drove several times through the mown meadow of the other, although it was not at all necessary, as there was a road he could have taken. As a reply to the gentle request not to do it again, he said, 'I shall drive through your meadow as often as I like, and you may accuse me before the judge.' Our friend went home in silence and committed it to him who judges all things rightly.

The next hay-harvest came, and the ungodly man actually cut a good large piece of his neighbor's meadow. Again the peasant went to him, and asked gently why he had done it; was it because he could no longer see the landmark?

'Of course I can see it,' the former replied, 'but I choose to do it; but if you like you can complain of me to the judge. I will then simply pay for it; but, in spite of all, I shall cut your grass.'

This seemed almost too much for our friend; but again he looked up to his crucified Master and Saviour, who also had borne trials in silence, and thus he was enabled to bear it patiently.

The harvest time came again. When

our friend got up one morning, he found his grass had been all cut by his wicked neighbor, who was beginning to dry it for himself.

'Now I cannot be silent any longer; that is too bad,' the peasant thought. 'I can do nothing but claim my right by law. What otherwise will become of me?'

The following morning he went into town early to go to the judge. His neighbor saw him go, and called after him, 'I suppose you are going before the judge to accuse me; go on, if you have the courage to do it.' Silently he continued his way. He arrived earlier in town than was necessary, and went to see a distant relative of his, a shoemaker.

'Where are you going so early in the morning?' the shoemaker asked as he entered. 'I am going before the judge,' our friend answered, a little embarrassed. (Was he thinking of those words in I Cor. 6: 1, 4, 7?)

'You are going to law? What for?' asked the shoemaker. The peasant told him all that his wicked neighbor had done to him, and how he was forced to stop him. 'Is this not too bad?' he concluded.

'Yes,' replied the shoemaker; 'but tell me, is the meadow really your property?'

'Yes, of course: I inherited it from my father, and he had it from his father, who bought it. I have the papers at home. I am perfectly certain that it is legal property.'

'If it is truly your own, you may accuse your neighbor justly,' replied the shoemaker, in a peculiar voice. After a moment he began again, 'Are you quite sure that it is legally your own?'

'Yes, of course. I have inherited it from my father. He had it from my grandfather, who bought it. I could show you the papers if I had them here.'

'If it is really your own you may accuse him,' said the shoemaker, again in the same tone. After another pause, he said a third time, 'Is the meadow truly your own?' And he spoke these last words with such a stress that the peasant felt quite struck, and relasped for a moment into meditation. Then suddenly his face gleamed, and he exclaimed in a loud voice:

'No, no! you are right, the meadow is not mine! House, property, and all I have and all I am, is not my own; all is my Master's!'

'Then you can let him take care of His own,' was the shoemaker's simple reply. The peasant shook hands gratefully with his friend and adviser, thanking him for his excellent teaching, and he went home without having gone to law.

The neighbor saw him from a distance. 'Well, have you accused me?' he called out. 'No; I have not been to the judge,' the peasant replied quietly. 'Oh, you have not had enough courage,' the former remarked sarcastically.

'Listen; I want to tell you something,' our friend began. 'I see now that the meadow is not my own; it belongs with all I have and am to my Master, the Lord; and as long as he lets you cut my grass, I will willingly let you do it.'

And then he turned to go. Suddenly the other jumped up, hastily taking his hand, and, pressing it, said with deep emotion: 'Now I see that you are a real Christian. I never would believe it before. Say, can you forgive me for what I have done? I shall never touch your meadow again; and what I have spoiled I shall pay back to the last farthing. And if I come to you to-night, will you tell me how you became a Christian? I must try to be better too, I know; I cannot remain like this.'

We need not add our friend's feelings at these words and what he replied. The Lord gave him grace that evening in all he said; his neighbor became a new and better man, and both became close friends from that time.—'Young People's Paper.'

Our Unexplored Bibles.

(By Rev. H. M. Simpson.)

In the city of London on one occasion, I went with a friend to call upon a gentleman to whom we had a letter of introduction.

We were received very graciously at the merchant's place of business. This relieved us, for we knew how averse some persons are to either giving or receiving letters of introduction.

We spent a large part of the beautiful morning in seeing the sights in the immediate vicinity of our newly-made acquaintance's office. We saw many things well worth seeing.

One incident of the morning I have not forgotten. Reaching the curbstone, not many squares distant from our starting point, our accommodating guide suddenly stopped and said: 'Now, gentlemen, I know no more than you do of this great city beyond this street. I am a total stranger over there.' He then told us that, though born and brought up in London and having acquired his fortune there, he had seldom, during his long life-time, for any reason, gone into the city beyond. He said that he had lived during his entire life in a pleasant suburb, to and from which he passed in the omnibus every day. He really wished that he could be of further service to us, but it was impossible. The rest of the city was 'terra incognita' to him.

Does it not seem as though this old Londoner's relation to his native city may pretty well represent the relation of an unfortunate class of persons to their bible? Some men live in familiar parts of God's great Word, while all beyond is unknown to them.

It is very true that it is well to become especially familiar with some portions of the holy bible And it is also true that the frequency with which some subjects are presented in the bible indicates that the Holy Spirit, by whom the bible was inspired, regarded some topics, and therefore some parts of Scripture, as of greater importance than others. But:

The outlook from Mont Blanc or the Matterhorn is more worthy the capacity of a creature made in the image of God than the mere view seen by the Savoyard in his nook of security down in the Chamouni Valley.

A convert from newspapers and novel reading made a discovery, and, to put it in his own words, declared, 'The bible is no end of a book.'

A convert from Judaism, who was both an inspired reader and writer, has declared, 'All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.'

In Paris, Benjamin Franklin was once in the company of some of the most brilliant men of France. While learned and witty, they were also very skeptical, and impolite enough to treat the bible with great scorn, calling it not only a piece of gross deception, but saying that it was totally devoid of all literary merit.

Franklin alone dissented. When called upon for his opinion, for he was a great favorite with his friends, he excused himself from giving a direct answer such as they sought, saying that his mind had been much occupied upon a book of apparently rare excellence and force which he had purchased at a Paris bookstore. And, speaking of literary characteristics, he remarked that possibly it might interest the gentlemen present to compare his newly acquired book with the old book which they were criticising.

And so with their consent he read the following:

'God came from Teman and the Holy One from Mount Paran. His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of his praise. His brightness was as the light; he had horns coming out of his hand, and there was hiding of his power. He stood, and measured the earth; he beheld, and drove asunder the nations; and the everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills did bow; his ways are everlasting.'

These words made a deep impression. The listeners were full of admiration, and said they were superior to anything they had ever heard. They were 'beautiful,' 'grand,' 'sublime.'

Then said Mr. Franklin, 'Gentlemen, I have read to you a part of the prayer of Prophet Habbakuk. I have read from the old bible which you have been so severely criticising.' They did not know the bible.—'Living Epistle.'

The Will of God.

('Thy will be done.')

I worship thee, sweet Will of God!
And all thy ways adore,
And every day I live I seem
To love thee more and more.

Thou wert the end, the blessed rule
Of Jesus' toils and tears;
Thou wert the passion of His heart
Those three and thirty years.

And He hath breathed into my soul
A special love for thee—
A love to lose my will in thine,
And by that loss be free.

I love to kiss each print where thou
Hast set thine unseen feet;
I cannot fear thee, blessed Will!
Thine empire is so sweet.

I love to see thee bring to nought
The plans of wily men;
When simple hearts outwit the wise,
Oh, thou art loveliest then!

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest with thee.

I know not what it is to doubt;
My heart is ever gay;
I run no risk, for come what will
Thou always hast thy way.

I have no cares, O blessed will,
For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

And when it seems no chance or change
From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
And gayly waits on thee.

Man's weakness waiting upon God
Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

Ride on, ride on triumphantly,
Thou glorious Will, ride on!
Faith's pilgrim sons behind thee take
The road that thou hast gone.

He always wins who sides with God;
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

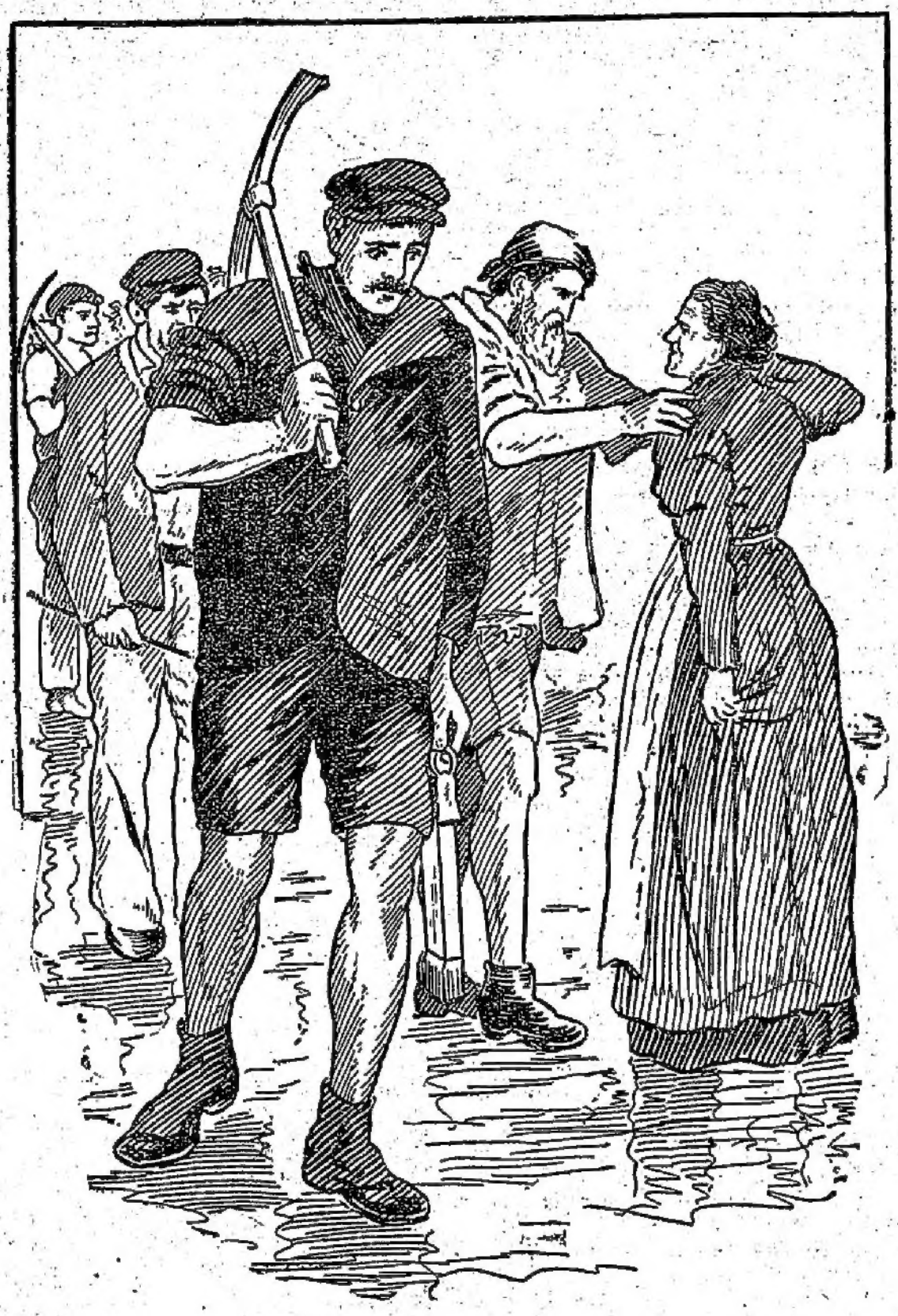
Ill that he blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill:
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his sweet Will.
—'Faber.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Courage.

(By W. H. Devenport Adams, in 'Home Word.')

'Bill the Banker,' was a poor navvy whose work, when he was engaged in the construction of railway embankments, lay amongst the 'tip' waggons. It so befell that he obtained the post of 'tip-man' over a shaft in one of the many tunnels found necessary on the Manchester and Leeds Railway. This shaft was about two hundred feet deep, with sides and bottom of solid rock. His duty was to raise the trucks below and run them to the tip,



ACCOMPANIED BY H.S SON ROBERT AND TWO FRIENDS.

returning them empty to his mates at the bottom. If a chain broke away, or a great boulder slipped off a truck, Bill had to shout, 'Waur out!' and the miners below crept into their 'drives,' and the dangerous article fell without injury to any. One unhappy day, Bill's foot slipped hopelessly, and he knew that he must be hurled from side to side of the narrow shaft, until he lay, smashed and lifeless, at the bottom. But his mates? If he screamed, the unusual sound would draw them all out together to ascertain the cause. With a truly heroic courage, he gave the customary signal in firm, unfaltering tones, 'Waur out below!' And his mates heard in their secure retreats the dreadful thud, and final crash of their brave comrade's shattered remains.

Another example is one of deliberate courage In the course of his labor among the collieries, George Stephenson had discovered the need that existed for a lamp which, while affording the miners sufficient light to prosecute their work in the bowels of the earth, should not ignite the inflammable gas or 'fire-damp,' that invariably accumulates in the less ventilated parts of a coal-pit, and is singularly dangerous to life. After various experiments on the nature and properties of the fire-damp, he succeeded in constructing a lamp which, he believed, would annihilate the risk of explosion.

It became necessary to put his new invention to the proof. Accompanied by his son Robert and two friends,—Wood and Moodie, he hastened to Killingworth Colliery. It was nearly midnight when they reached the coal-pit and descended the shaft. They proceeded towards the foulest of all the underground galleries, where the explosive gas issued from a blower in the roof, with the fierce hiss of a jet of steam. Here some boarding had been erected in order to concentrate the foul air in one particular spot. Moodie advanced, examined the spot, and returned with the information, that if a light were introduced an explosion would inevitably occur. He added a grave warning as to the danger to themselves and to the pit, if, unhappily, the gas took fire.

Stephenson had faith in his lamp; further he was prepared to run any risk in his effort to conquer the dangers of the dreaded fire-damp. Ordering his companions to withdraw to a safe distance, he advanced, with the moral courage sprung from generous self-forgetfulness ,towards the inflammable air. Fainter and fainter waned the tiny ray of the safety-lamp as its courageous bearer penetrated into the dark ramifications of the mine. He was pressing onwards to death, perhaps, or to failure, which was worse than death; but his heart never hesitated, nor did his hand tremble. He reached the place of peril, he stretched out his lamp so as to meet the full blast of the explosive current, and patiently waited the result. At first the flame increased, then it flickered, decreased in brilliancy, and gradually expired. The foul atmosphere made no other sign. No explosion ensued. It was evident that Stephenson had invented a certain means of lighting up a mine without any danger of igniting its combustible air.

Let others praise the ingenuity of the invention; what most concerns us is the calm and lofty moral courage which tested its efficacy.

The greatest courage of all is moral courage. Every one is not called upon to show physical bravery, but there is not a man who does not need moral courage every day of his life. At any moment he may be called upon to decide whether, for the sake of peace or interest, he will turn from the right and adhere to the wrong, set aside the truth, palter to the prejudices of the crowd, listen to the voice of flattery; or whether he will steadfastly follow, in the paths of rectitude and justice. To preserve our purity, to maintain our honor, to obey the Divine laws, is sometimes a painfully difficult task, and can be performed only by recourse to the promise of Divine strength. It is always a hard thing to do our duty. There are so many inducements to set it aside, so many obstacles always in the way of doing it. The hardest part of the work is to be patient. energy of action is easier and more attractive than the courage of endurance. Yet this too, by the grace of God, we must cultivate, must make our own. 'They also serve who only stand and wait.' They, too, are brave true knights who can bear and forbear.

What the Minutes Say.

We are but minutes, little things,
Each one furnished with sixty wings,
With which we fly on our unseen track;
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes, each one bears
A little burden of joys and cares:
Take patiently the minutes of Pain;
The worst of minutes cannot remain.

We are but minutes. When we bring
A few of the drops from Pleasure's spring,
Taste their sweetness while ye may:
It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but minutes. Use us well;
For how we are used we must one day tell.
Who uses minutes, has hours to use;
Who loses minutes, whole years must lose.
—'Waif.'

Grandma's Way of Keeping the Eighth Commandment.

(By Myra Goodwin Plantz, in 'S.S. Times').

'Mr. Burke is wasting his time making us repeat the commandments in Sunday-school—as if any of us were tempted to kill or steal,' said Stella.

'The Eighth Commandment is at least often strained in this family,' answered grandma, quietly.

'Mother, if you have seen the children doing any thing of that kind, you ought to have told me,' spoke up Mr. Gordon.

'I do not say the children were the only transgressors,' replied grandma, laughing.

Mr. Gordon colored. Had grandma been down to his store, and had her puritanical ideas been shocked over the weighing of brown paper with sugar, or some other little advantage allowed to the seller?

'I am sure I did not steal,' said Stella emphatically.

'Grandma, keep a record of every time we break the Eighth Commandment the coming week,' suggested Mrs. Gordon. 'Saturday evening you shall read it, and the one who offends most buy the kitchen clock I need.'

Each of the Gordon family was willing to buy a clock if convicted of stealing.

'If it were impatience, mother, I should expect to buy my own clock.' Mrs. Gordon said, as they gathered around the glowing grate Saturday evening.

'If it were a quick temper, I would open my bank, but I am safe,' said Stella.

Mr. Gordon and his son Ben felt too secure to even consider the matter.

'I have not been with each one of you every moment so can give only the few things I have seen. These will no doubt remind you of other things in which you have broken the Eighth Commandment,' said grandma, producing a large note-book with a smile at her doubting audience.

'To begin with Stella, I noticed two old Sunday-school books, the kind everyone wants, in her closet, and a song-book on the piano marked, "For the Sunday-school room only."'

'I've always forgotten to return them,' interrupted Stella.

'Yes, as you have the handkerchief Hattie left, which is in the wash nearly every week,' continued grandma. 'Then you stopped practicing Monday to talk a half-hour to Lizzie, stealing time from your music. You forgot to give your mother that important message, and took an afternoon from her when she went out to see about it, and got that headache, and took another half-day, and a dollar to the doctor, besides the medicine, and you took away your mother's patience when she found all this came from your neglect.'

'O grandma!'

'The Bible does not say what we shall not steal, so the inference is we shall not take anything that belongs to another without his consent. It certainly took money out of your father's pocket when you carelessly broke the parlor window yesterday. When you took the second dish of berries, last night, you took Bettie's fruit as certainly as the boy at the corner took the orange from the old man. Both went without fruit they supposed was theirs. When you took your mother's new veil and lost it'—

'And my new lead-pencil,' interrupted Ben, who was rather enjoying his positive little sister's discomfort.

'Thursday you broke into my room as I was falling into a sleep, and stole a much unneeded rest from me,' went on grandma with a smile.

'Put down the nights her cousin stays, and they kept us all awake until midnight talking and giggling,' added Ben.

You may take some of these samples to yourself, Ben, and, with her neglect of the Eighth Commandment, Stella has been often very helpful and sweet to us all, so I pass to your own private record,' answered the old lady. 'Besides the stolen books in your room, I saw a silk umbrella that had another name than Ben on it.'

'I mean to take that back,' murmured the culprit.

'I believe that excuse would not hold in court,' replied grandma. 'Monday evening I have recorded that my grandson boasted that the car was so crowded the conductor had failed again to ask for his fare.'

'But, grandma, he is paid for collecting fares.'

'Your "Thou shalt not steal" has nothing to do with the conductor's duty to his employer,' went on grandma, in a tone very severe for her. 'The next evening, when company came, the cake saved for supper was gone, and your mother thought Bettie must have eaten it, while I saw a tall young man slip away from the cake-box.'

'A fellow can't starve,' murmured Ben, hanging down his head.

'It is only the question whether the cake is made for your lunches, or the family tea, which makes taking it right or wrong,' went on grandma. 'Then, several times I have heard a young man tease his little sister until he took away her sunny temper.'

'O grandma! teasing isn't stealing.'

'My boy, if teasing takes away from Stella something she wishes to keep, what is it but stealing? Then, the morning you were late to breakfast, I heard busy Bettie say it took the best of the morning getting your breakfast and clearing up after you.'

'Ben has nearly bankrupted us all, if you are going to consider the times we have all waited for him,' laughed his father.

'Two evenings he stole the time from his lessons to read a foolish story, and will probably steal some of the Sabbath to get those lessons. Ben took his father's good temper when he took his cuff-buttons without asking, and his mother's when he took her new magazine and lost it, and his grandmother's when he took her new church paper to wrap up a package, and thus stole part of her Sunday reading,' read grandma from her note-book.

'I'm sorry I took your paper,' murmured Ben, who was really a good-hearted boy. 'Anyway, you haven't anything against mama, for she gives up to every one.'

'That's her worst fault,' said grandma. 'She is robbing her old age by using up her nervous force, and robbing you children of self-independence by everlastingly waiting on you.'

'But besides stealing time for work that ought to be used in sleep or rest, or improving your mind, you have broken the commandment, too, Rebecca. I have noticed you do not hurry up supper when your sewing-girl is here, so in a week you manage to get an hour or more for nothing; and Thursday you took Bettie's afternoon to have her put up fruit.'

'I meant to give her Friday, but company came. I see I did wrong, mother; for I do not like it if a girl takes as much as a spool of thread that does not belong to her,' answered Mrs. Gordon.

'Now, Benjamin, you went to the store last Sunday afternoon, and took some of the Lord's Day for accounts.'

'But the book-keeper, mother"—

'Yes, no one stole unless there is need of something, though I can hardly say that when you take Rebecca's time picking up after you.

'What's a wife for, mother?'

'Not to pick up collars off the bureau, coats off the chairs, and handkerchiefs and old letters off the floor. It was like stealing pennies from some one who intended spending dollars for you, when a man takes his wife's time in picking up after him. You stole Thursday evening from the prayer-meeting, when you were much needed there, and then took two hours of the minister's time to talk about something Saturday morning; and I heard his wife say, this afternoon, he would have to sit up till midnight to finish his sermon, because he had had so many callers.'

'Look here, mother, you need not read the rest of the book. I'll admit we do not keep the commandments any too well, and I fear in business it is even worse. I hope the children will learn one lesson. It is not so bad to take things from the cupboard, or our bureau drawers, but it makes them indifferent to property rights, and might make them form a habit of taking from others, when it would be considered real theft. Anyway, mama comes out best; so, children, we will get her that parlor clock she has been wanting, and kitchen clock, too,' said Mr. Gordon.

'You have given me a new idea, mother,' said Mr. Gordon. 'We must follow the Golden Rule very closely, or we shall often break the Eighth Commandment by taking happiness, or time, or health from others, and really robbing them more than if we had taken only money or other property.

Was He a Coward?

It was a sultry afternoon in the month of August. Not a breeze was stirring. Not a bird was singing. Scarcely an insect seemed to flit through the still air. Dark fog-clouds hung low over the earth and threatened to turn at any moment into rain.

Most of the people thought it was a good time to imitate the birds and the leaves and to keep quiet. Not so Fred Hathorn, nor his chosen companions Richard and William, or as they were called, Dick and Will Haines. They declared that it was just the afternoon to go fishing. So fishing they went. Not to a river, nor a lake, nor to an inlet of the sea, but to the broad, silvery stream which twisted itself in and out through the meadows and between the hills of Elmbrook, and which had not only furnished the town with a name, but which also furnished all the boys of the vicinity with their most dearly loved pleasure ground. The three whose names you have read had spent many an hour upon its banks or in its cool depths. They knew every turn of the stream, every place where fish were to be found, every hole where they could have a good swim.

This particular August afternoon proved to be, as they had said when starting out, just the one for fishing. It was really astonishing that they were able to catch so many, trout and perch, and sun-fish and cat-fish, when these same finny creatures had no doubt seen the same anglers and escaped from them many times before. At length each of the boys had a long string of fish, and Dick declared that it was not

worth while to commit any more slaughter that day.

'Let's go in swimming,' he proposed, 'that will cool us off nicely after our long walk.' 'All right,' responded Will; but Fred, to their surprise, said he couldn't do it. 'Can't do it? Why not? Are you sick? What's the matter, old fellow? You never refused before?'

'I know it, but mother has been reading of some boys who were drowned lately, and she made me promise not to go swimming any more without her permission.'

'Stuff and nonsense! Just as though it were any more dangerous now than it ever was? Women do have such silly notions, don't they, Will?'

'Indeed, they do. I'd like to see myself tied to my mother's apron strings. She knows better than to make me promise things that I can't do. Why, a boy can't help swimming in hot weather. It's just as natural for him as it is for the fish themselves. Come on, Fred. I'll help you off with your coat.'

Will suited the action to the word, and as he was larger and stronger than Fred he had that young gentleman's jacket off in a twinkling.

'Now, no more of that!' Fred exclaimed, drawing himself up with an assertion of dignity. 'You and Dick may swim as long as you please, and I will wait here for you, but I mean to keep my promise to my mother.'

The boy's determined manner convinced the other two that they could not make him change his mind, so they contented themselves with calling him a coward, and with informing him that they were glad they were made of better stuff.

Poor, foolish boys, to imagine that they were manly when they were trying to persuade another to do a wrong thing! They did not stop to remember that a boy shows himself most manly when he is brave enough to do right.

Fred lay down on the bank and amused himself with watching the grass-hoppers as they jumped about him. In a few moments he heard a scream,—a cry for help. Dick who had been taken suddenly ill, had flung his arms about Will in the hope of receiving assistance. Will, selfish boy that he was, was trying to loosen himself from his brother's grasp. He was afraid, he afterwards said, that if he tried to help Dick he might be drowned, too.

Fred, springing to his feet, understood the whole thing in an instant. A single leap and he was in the water and striking boldly out for his sinking comrade. He was just in time. Dick was saved.

Which proved to be the coward? Will or Fred?

Boys, do not be afraid to mind your mothers. Do not be afraid to keep your promises to them. Do not be afraid if others laugh at you when you know that you are doing right. A real, manly boy, can stand ridicule as soldiers stand fire. He obeys the words of the wise man: 'My son, when sinners entice thee, consent thou not.'—Christian Intelligencer.

A Summer Song.

For flowers that bloom about our feet;
For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet;
For song of bird, and hum of bee;
For all things fair we hear or see,—
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For blue of stream, and blue of sky;
For pleasant shade of branches high;
For fragrant air, and cooling breeze;
For beauty of the blooming trees,—
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

—Hymn.

Big Game in West Africa.

For those sportsmen who do not fear facing the perils of the West African climate, a hitherto untouched hunting ground is now opened up. Starting up the River Niger, one is soon passing through large schools of 'hippo.' Going last March, I often saw from fifty to sixty of the huge beasts in the course of the day; all of them were in the water, with only their great heads showing. As it was impossible to stop anywhere, it was useless to attempt to secure one, though they frequently afforded what might have been easy shots.

At my first halting place, Lokoja, I was only able to get two days in the 'bush,' and was at first very unsuccessful, owing to the very limited range of vision afforded by the denseness of the small trees. I saw hartebeeste, a 'sounder' of wart hog, numerous baboons, and many small antelope, which my very cursory inspection prevented me from identifying.

The middle of the second day found me on my way to camp, preparatory to returning to Lokoja, with nothing to show for my trouble. I was walking parallel to a small stream, the Mimi, which flows into the Niger near Lokoja, when I heard some heavy animals in the water. They had evidently heard me first, and were galloping down stream. I ran to cut them off at a bend, and jumped down into the water just in time to see two big beasts disappear up the bank into the thick bush; a third was following, but I had time to get both barrels in as he vanished. I ran up to the place, but saw no signs of having hit one. Suddenly I heard a movement above me, and, looking up, saw the quarters of an animal standing on the top of the bank. I gave him another shot, and, half turning, he came over the steep bank, with a crash, falling into the water almost at my feet. Not till then did I even know what I had shot at, except that it was a big beast and carried horns. I was agreeably surprised, therefore, to find it was a great roan antelope, unluckily a female, but a very fine one, with twenty-one and a half inch horns.

From Lokoja, I came, by Jebba, to Fort Goldie, and thence marched to Borgasi, near Kiama, in Borgu. After leaving the Niger we travelled some fifty miles without seeing a village, and tracks of game were abundant, including elephant, lion, roan antelope, hartebeeste, leopard, and numerous smaller antelope. We have not had much time for sport round Kiama yet, and the bush, always thick, is now doubly so, owing to the rains having set in; game, however, is very plentiful, though hard to approach, going silently through the bush being an impossibility, while owing to the high grass all shots have to be taken standing. Roan, hartebeeste, duiker, oribi, and dik-dik have been bagged, my best trophy at present being an old roan bull, horns twenty-two inches, circumference nine inches, tip to tip nine and a quarter inches; this, however, is a small head, compared to many about here; I have one that was brought into camp, having probably been picked up by a native, that measures twenty-eight and a quarter inches in length, and nine and a quarter inches in circumference.

The Borgas do a great deal of hunting, using poisoned arrows like the Midgans of Somaliland. Unlike them, however, I have never seen them use dogs. They are invaluable as guides in the bush, and very ready to do their best for you. Probably they know there is more chance of getting a bit of beef if they are hunting with the 'bitouri' (white men). I think their own kills are few and far between. The roan antelope here are of a chestnut color, much the shade of the large anthills that abound in the bush. I have refrained from giving my shoulder measurements, as I make them so much bigger than any in Mr. Rowland Ward's book that I want to verify them again before making certain. The hartebeeste are much lighter in color than Swayne's hartebeeste, the only one I have seen before, and carry enormous horns. One found in a village by Captain Welch measures 25 1-4 inches in length, 12.-75 in circumference, and 13.9 inches from tip to tip. He has also shot one of 21 3-4 inches in length and 12 1-4 inches circumference, but the former is, I think, a record 'all down the line.' Most of the heads I have mentioned will be sent as soon as possible to Mr. Rowland Ward, as also any skins I am able to save, no easy matter up here, where the difficulties of transport, the impossibility of securing good hunters and the off-chance of poisoned arrows will continue for some time to prolong the lives of the great roan antelope.—Correspondence 'London Field.'

The Little Seed.

One day, when walking along a path interlined with noxious weeds, I carelessly dropped a tiny seed with my hand, and the next moment regretted the act, deeming the seed utterly lost. Imagine my surprise when a few weeks later, in going along the same path, I found the seed a flourishing plant, covered with odorous blossoms. It seemed incredible, and upon investigating I found that the seed had dropped upon a nourishing soil, and the weeds, after striving vainly to uproot it, were now allowing it to shed, unmolested, its fragrance abroad.

This incident set me theorizing. Often a beautiful character develops where circumstances seem the most adverse. In a home of poverty and squalor a child grew, and the world looked pityingly on. There seemed but one destiny possible for the little one. But there came a day when a gentleman, a philanthropist, was attracted by the child, and he dropped a seed of kindness and encouragement into the garden of his heart, and lo! a lofty resolve was born, never to die. There were those who noted the child's ambition and wondered at it.

'He will never amount to anything; it is not in the blood,' they skeptically said.

They were obliged to acknowledge their error. The child developed into mature life, and was a power in the intellectual and moral world.

'I trace,' said he, 'my beginning from the time when I received my first word of encouragement.'

Is it not a solemn reflection that we are constantly sowing seed for good or evil? Our acts seem so unimportant; one day follows another in quick succession; in their regular routine, varying but little. Yet, silently, perhaps, but no less surely, our influence is making itself felt. 'I have confidence in you,' has been the keynote which has accomplished many a success. Let a person understand that you deem his case hopeless, and ten chances to one it will prove so.

'How is it you have such success with your pupils?' said one teacher to another.

'I win their confidence,' was the answer. 'Give a child to understand that you expect great things of him, that there are possibilities for him to attain, and the chances are in his favor. I have aroused to action many a dull pupil by this method.'

Drop your seed carefully, prayerfully, and

by and by you will reap an abundantly rich harvest. Never mind if the soil looks forbidding and unpromising; it is yours to sow; it is God's to garner the harvest.—'Forward.'

John James's Testing.

(By J. Macdonald Oxley.)

Farmer Mackintosh was proud of his joys, and not without reason, for they certainly gave promise of being the joy and comfort of his declining years. There were three of them: John James, William Alexander, and Charlie; and their names seemed somehow to fit their natures as aptly as if the choice had been guided by prophetic foresight.

The elder brother was tall and sinewy, with light hair and large gray eyes. His face usually wore a serious aspect that gave strangers the impression of his being rather saturnine of disposition. This, however, was not the case. Although inclined to worry overmuch, he really possessed an affectionate, sociaable nature, and his face lit up with a smile of rare charm when someone pleased him.

William Alexander's countenance was of an unmistakably intellectual cast. His high, broad forehead, dark brown eyes, and square-set chin bespoke the leader of others, and his father's ambition for him was that he might go through the University.

As for Charlie—well, he seemed so different from the other two that the wonder was how he could be of the same blood. There was more quicksilver in his composition than in all the rest of the family, and his dancing blue eyes fairly brimmed with merry good humor.

Despite the difference in temperament, the three brothers pulled well together, and their home life was notably harmonious and happy.

When John James had got well into his teens Mr. Mackintosh claimed his whole time for his farm, and not without reluctance he gave up attendance at school. Although not so apt a scholar as either of his brothers, he liked learning, and would have been glad to attend the Academy in the neighboring village for a term or two. But of this he said nothing, determining to keep up his studies as best he could in the evenings, when the day's work afield was over.

Seeing how willing he would have been to take a University course himself, it was no small trial for him to have his father say: 'We must manage somehow to send William Alexander to College. It will be tight pinching, and I'll need all the help you can give me, my son, but I know you'll not fail me, will you?'

John James did not disappoint his father's faith in him. Smothering his own ambition, he put his shoulder to the wheel in a way that rejoiced Mr. Mackintosh's heart, and, thanks in large part to his diligence and foresight, William Alexander was able to go through to graduation, rejoicing the hearts of all at home by winning first-class honors and several important prizes.

By this time the mercurial Charlie had found a place that suited him in one of the village stores, and promised to prove a capable business man, provided he could learn to curb his vivacity sufficiently.

The summer following William Alexander's graduation, there came back to Elmside the son of one of the resident farmers, who had gone off while a mere boy, to seek his fortune in a wider sphere. After drifting about the Continent a while he came to a halt in Colorado, and there, through silver mining, was successful to a degree beyond his wildest imaginings when he left Elmside. Although much older than John James, he took a strong liking to him at their first meeting, and sought his society in a marked manner. There was something in the young man's quiet strength of character that impressed him deeply.

'You are simply wasting your life here on this little farm, John,' said he one evening, after they had become established on a thoroughly good footing of friendship. 'You've just the stuff in you to succeed in almost anything you gave your mind to, and it seems too bad for you to hang on here when you could do so much better in Colorado, for instance.'

This speech stirred John James profoundly. From the time of his meeting Angus Cameron there had been forming in his mind thoughts very similar to those which the latter had just expressed. He saw in the well-dressed, easy-mannered man, whose purse appeared to be so plethoric, and who spent its contents with seeming indifference, the realization in good part at least of his own dreams, and he recognized with bitterness of soul the impossibility of his ever achieving such a position so long as he remained on the farm.

Yet he felt bound to make a stand against the onrush of temptation, for such he felt it to be.

'You're right enough I dare say, Angus,' he replied, fixing his eyes upon the red barn, as though that were the subject under discussion, 'but I guess I've got to stay here. You see, William Alexander's going to study for the ministry, and Charlie's taken to store-keeping, and there's no one left with the old folks but myself.'

Angus Cameron received this answer with an impatient grunt.

'Now, see here, John,' he said, laying his hand upon the other's shoulder and speaking with as much earnestness as if it were his own interests which were involved, 'just look at this thing in a common-sense way. Your father's got ten, and maybe fifteen, years of work left in him yet, and your mother's as hearty a woman of her age as there is in the country. They can get along all right without you if they have good hired help, and before you're a month in Colorado you'll be able to send them enough money to pay for the help. And then in a few years time you'll come back so well fixed that you can make them comfortable for the rest of their days. Why, look at me, that's just what I have done for my folks.'

The speciousness of this reasoning did not strike John so forcibly as its attractiveness. It was in close accordance with his own desires, and he found it very hard not to yield a cordial assent. But he did not commit himself then, and their conversation, being interrupted, was not resumed that evening.

Angus Cameron, however, did not let the matter rest. He returend to the subject again and again, his determination to convince his friend being whetted by the latter's resistance to his arguments.

In truth, it was not so much Cameron as his own heart that John James was fighting. To stay by the farm seemed so clearly his duty that he could not at first bring himself to lay the matter before his parents, fully anticipating as he did just what view they would take of it. For a week his mind oscillated between the two courses of action, and then Cameron's insistence, aided by his own inclination, carried the day, and he decided to follow his friend's advice.

The task of making his decision known to his father was no easy one, and he put it off from day to day, until at last Cameron grew irritated and vowed he would have nothing more to do with him unless he at once plucked up courage to declare his purpose. Spurred on by this to immediate action, John James spoke out that evening, when he happened to be alone with his father for a while.

It was in a very faltering way that he expressed himself, and the task was in no wise made more easy by his father listening in absolute silence. When at length he had succeeded in making known what was on his mind, Mr. Mackintosh, who had been keeping his eyes fixed upon the opposite wall, turned round to reply. As he did so John James observed a look upon his face such as he had never seen there before. Anxiety and affection were strongly intermingled, and moreover, the rugged features seemed careworn and haggard to a degree that sent a pang to the young man's heart.

'My dear son,' said Mr. Mackintosh, speaking slowly and with manifest effort, 'what you say does not take me altogether by surprise. Indeed, I have been expecting something of the kind for the past week, for I have not been blind to what was going on. But that does not make it any the easier for me now that it has come. Yet I hardly know just what to say about it, John James. You are of age now. You are your own master, and the question, after all, is one that you yourself must settle.' Here he paused and gave a deep sigh before continuing. 'As for mother and for me, you know without my telling you how it will be for us. We're not going to leave the farm so long as we live, and I don't see how I can run it so as to make a livin' on it without your help.'

'But, father,' John James urged eagerly, 'I'll send you enough money out of my earnings to pay the wages of a hired man, and in a couple of years I'll be so well off that you won't need to work any more at all'

Mr. Mackintosh shook his gray head with sorrowful skepticism. He put no faith in his son's roseate expectations. He knew that only in one case out of twenty were they fulfilled, and the presence of a favorable illustration in the case of Angus Cameron did not make him any more credulous.

The interview lasted an hour, and then the two parted without either having in any way moved the mind of the other. John James was just as firm in his determination to go, and his father equally unconvinced as to the wisdom of the step.

John James found the long talk he had with his mother the following day a far severer test of his resolution, for although she controlled her emotions nobly, there was no disguising the depth of her opposition. Indeed, it needed all the encouragement, not to say exhortation, that Angus Cameron could supply to sustain the young man against the multiplied influences that would keep him at home.

Neither William Alexander nor Charlie felt that they had any right to open their mouths, seeing that they both had looked away from the farm for their life career; but uncles and aunts and cousins ventured to have a say in the matter, until at last poor John James, irritated beyond endurance, refused to give any of them a hearing. The day fixed for his departure came, and he still held firm, although the growing pallor of his mother's face and the deepening lines in his father's countenance showed plainly how sore the trial was to them.

Angus Cameron and he were to take the coach that rumbled daily past the old red gate, and drive by it to the city, forty miles distant, where the railway was ready to bear them away into the far West. Nearly half an hour before the coach was due a sorrowful little party stood at the gate, Cameron alone striving to maintain a certain sort of cheerfulness by talking in a loud, laughing way, that, however, dismally failed of its object.

John James was silent, because he could not trust himself to speak, and for the same reason his mother was fain to be content with holding his hand and pressing it tenderly between her own palms, roughened by the hard work of many years.

At last the coach swung into view around a corner of the road, and the supreme moment had come. John James turned to give his mother one last, long loving em-

brace, when he beheld upon her haggard features a look that stabbed him to the heart. She said nothing, although her lips moved as in speech, but her soul went into her eyes, and thence cried out inaudibly: 'My son, my son, my heart will break this day!'

Instantly there came a strong revulsion into John James's mind, and throwing his arms about his mother's neck, he sobbed rather than said: 'I won't go, mother; as long as you live.' To that resolution he adhered in spite of the torrent of appeal, argument, ridicule, and finally abuse that Angus Cameron poured into him. The coach delayed a few minutes in case he should again change his mind, but he held firm, and it went on without him, Cameron sending back the Parthian arrows of his scorn until he was out of hearing.

There was no happier household in all the land than the Mackintosh's that evening. William Alexander was at home, and Charlie had come out from the village to comfort the parents upon his brother's going away. Mr. and Mrs. Mackintosh seemed to grow many years younger, and John James, relieved of the mental burden which had been oppressing him, showed himself in a new light.

The pledge given his mother he faithfully carried out. As the years went by the management of the farm more and more fell upon him. By adopting new and improved methods of agriculture, and by going in for stock-raising and poultry-keeping on a practical basis, he prospered steadily, and was enabled to add field to field until he became one of the most extensive and successful farmers in the country. They called him the 'Squire' then, and he had many gratifying tokens of the favor of God and man, but life brought to him no sweeter reward than the blessing of his parents as they closed their eyes in infinite peace in the old house which he had preserved for them.—'The Christian Advocate.'

How They Kept the Lord Out of Lower Town Church.

(Edward A. Steiner, in 'Womankind.')

The Lower Town church stood upon a sandbank, though its theology was founded upon a rock.

At the foot of the hill the broad railway yards stretched their sinews of steel, and the clang of bells, the hanging noise of switched cars and the shrill whistles of passenger trains, drowned many a time the noise of the feeble church organ; and the lusty notes of the singing congregation were lost over and over again in this pandemonium of noise At such a time, the Scotch precentor grew red in the face, trying to lift his voice, in a long meter tune, above the short meter puffing of a passing freight train, and the minister's sermon, too, was often nothing but a pantomime.

The church people of Lower Town were in one respect like the Israelities escaping from Egyptian bondage. There was a cloud of smoke either in front of them or behind them, depending upon the direction of the ever-blowing wind; and the locomotives were very much like Pharaoh's pursuing chariots. Yet in spite of the shifting sands which often disturbed the balance of the building, in spite of smoke and noise, the church of Lower Town might have fulfilled a large and difficult mission.

It stood in the midst of a densely populated district. Boarding houses by the dozen were upon every street, in which men tried to live and only half way succeeded. Saloons innumerable opened their yawning doors to swallow up men's savings and men's souls. Under the shadow of the church were misery and woe enough to make the air heavy with sighs; but Sunday after Sunday the people went to church and came from church, hearing nothing but the rattle of the cars and the puffing of the engines, although louder than those was the cry of mothers whose sons were in the throes of death, the wailing of wives whose husbands lay in druken stupor, and the cry of the children for love and for bread.

Yes! the people heard nothing and saw nothing, though the slain were thick upon the soot-streaked pavement, though the sun and the moon were darkened, and the keepers of the house did tremble, and the strong men bowed themselves, and many a silver cord was loosed and precious bowls were broken, and pitchers, were broken at the fountain, and wheels broken at the cistern.

Yes! one saw, and one heard. The Lord in Heaven, the Lord of power, the Lord of love. He heard and saw and had compassion on the multitude and He came down from Heaven to save.

He wanted to make the wilderness glad, and the desert rejoice, and the faded rose to bloom again. He wanted to say to the blind, See; and to the deaf, Hear; and to the mourning, Weep not; and to the sinners, Sin not. He came!

He went to the man who was to preach the glad tidings, to the minister of the Lower Town church 'Young man,' He seemed to say, 'for what purpose are you here in Lower Town? Are you here to serve and to save in my name?'

'Yes Lord.'

'How do you serve, and whom do you save?' the Lord seemed to ask again.

The minister tremblingly answered, 'Lord! I preach twice every Sunday to my people, but most of the time I spend in going after them to urge them to come to thy house. This wearies me so, that I have no time to go after the lost, to save them.'

Hardly had the minister spoken these words, when a song seemed to come floating into his heart:

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one had wandered far away
To the desert so lone and cold;
Away to the desert so wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

'Shepherd, hast thou not here thy ninety and nine?
Are they not enough for thee?
But the Shepherd made answer, 'Tis one of mine
Has wandered away from the fold;
Away on the mountain rugged and steep;
I go to the desert to find my sheep.

'But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters He crossed,
Or how dark was the night the Lord passed through
Ere He found the sheep that was lost.'

Instantly the minister caught the rebuke which came upon the wings of the song, he realized that he had spent his time and strength in looking after the ninety and nine, but there was one, no, there were a thousand in Lower Town, who never heard his message or felt his tender touch. He also realized that his church had been self-centred, that his people had thought only of their debt and their own set, never of God's lost people, and that he and they must be aroused to go after the lost sheep of Christ's fold.

The minister had a burden upon his heart which he could not roll off, and as he stepped out of his home the world looked darker and drearier than ever. Lower Town was always black with the soot of falling smoke, but now it seemed as if a funeral pall had fallen upon it, and above the din and noise of the traffic of the town, he heard the voice of men, women and children, crying, 'Lord, save us! Lord, pity us and save us!'

How weak he felt those days! All his achievements seemed as nothing, and all his preaching like empty prattle. The sermon he had prepared for the next Sunday, lay unfinished upon his desk, and never was finished, for he went before his people, heavy with 'the burden of the valley of vision.'

'Oh, my people,' he cried, 'I can not bear it alone; it crushes me. Come with me into the valley of vision and see; underneath, around us is death and damnation. Come and hear them crying, "God save us! Lord pity us and save us!"

Yes, the people heard, but they understood not what he said. One man said: 'The minster must be getting ready to resign.' Another thought that he had the dyspepsia, and still another suggested that there might be some domestic trouble weighing him down.

'Yes, none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed.'

The minister went with his burden to the trustees' meeting. They looked in astonishment at him. 'Why, don't you see your congregations are increasing and Mrs. Oversensitive and Mr. Undersensible praise your sermons? They say they have never been so well entertained before in this church. You mustn't come down so heavy on us; give us the kind you used to give us.'

One of the trustees suggested that the minister had been giving them a little too much doctrine lately, and that the Rev. Golightly of the neighboring church, who preached last Sunday night on 'How to Go to Heaven on a Pneumatic Tire' had drawn all the young people to hear him, and unless the minister would keep up his reputation as a popular preacher, there would be a deficit at the end of the year.

The minister left the meeting with the great burden still on his heart, and as he stepped out into the street, he heard on one side of him the 'Well done' of his people, but straight ahead of him and in the great darkness underneath him he heard the cry of the great multitude, 'Lord save us! Lord pity us and save us!' and the minister knew not which way to turn.

One afternoon soon after, he went to the meeting of the Ladies' Aid society. He found the women busy sewing tidies, painting shovels and planning for the coming bazaar. Many of these women were mothers, who bore burdens which nearly crushed them. Some of their sons were drunkards and some of their daughters were wayward.

Some of them had Godless husbands, but all of them were thinking only of the bazaar and the minister found none of them ready to help him bear his burden.

These poor women were overworked and over anxious. Young people had to be drilled for the Dairymaids' festival, there were to be tableaux, and marches and dialogues.

Yes, indeed, these things have to be, but woes unto us because they have to be. That church which lets the Lord in will have no debts and no need for bazaars, because the Lord will own the hearts and the wealth of his people.

So the burden stayed on the minister's heart while the house of God was filled by earth's earthiest; while men bought and sold, and sang cheap songs, and bought dear goods, and played poor theatricals. And the men and women and children of Lower Town were still crying, 'Lord pity us and save us!'

Finally, after much waiting, the Lord had knocked at the door of the church. Some were praying and eager for His presence, and were listening for His voice. One night in prayer meeting, the spirit of God seemed ready to come into our hearts, and into this church, but I think that He wishes us to humble ourselves before Him, and confess our sins, and forgive one another and be forgiven.'

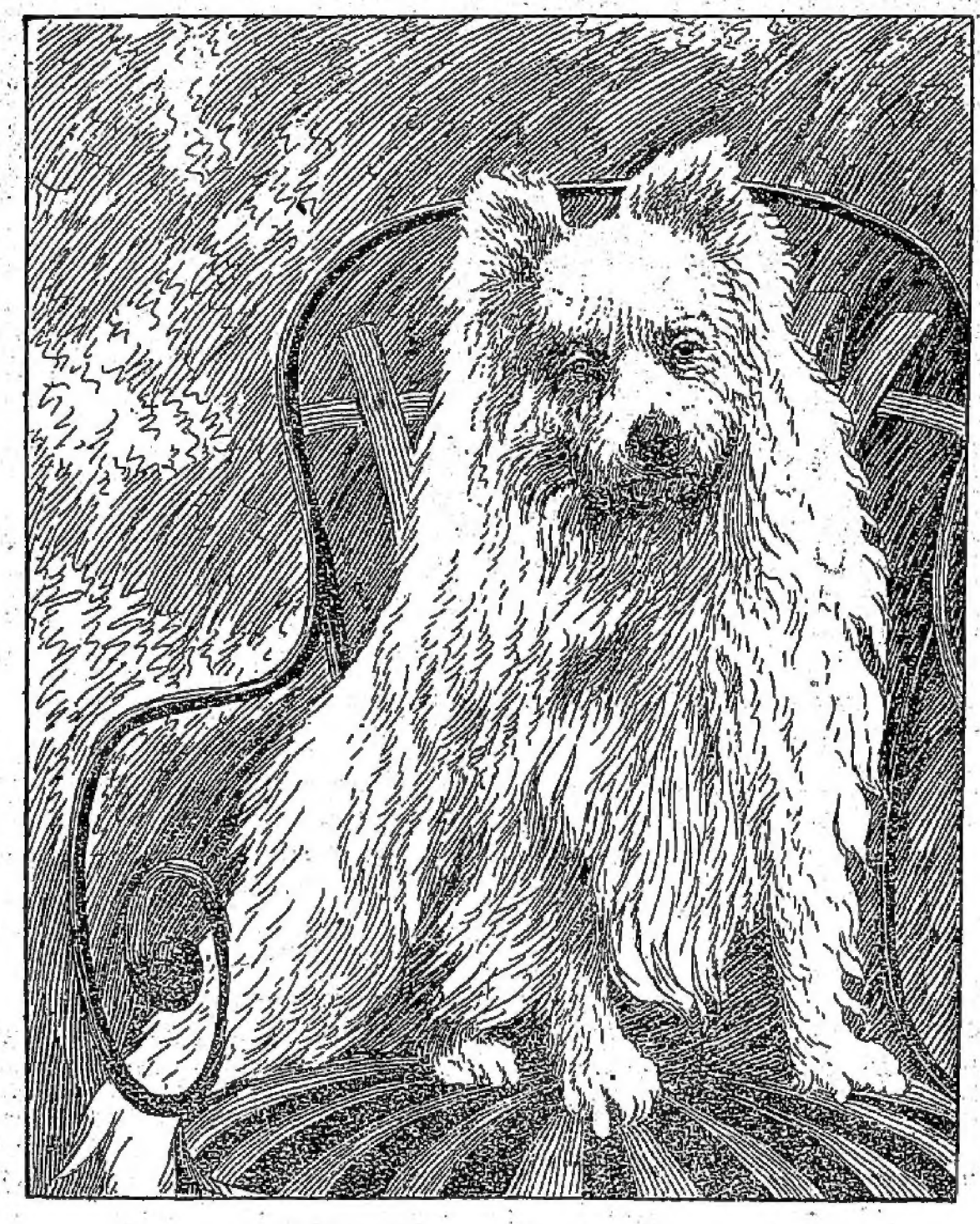
There were confessions of sin from the men and women who were already like unto saints; they asked forgiveness for their past misconduct; they had spoken harshly of one another, and now really wished to forgive and be forgiven, so that the Lord might come in and fill the church with power. It seemed as if Pentecost was to repeat itself, for many hearts were burdened, and many were praying for pardon and confessing their sins to one another.

Yes, the Lord was ready to come, but there were three people who stared Him in the face and said: 'We will not let Thee in.' One of them said, 'It isn't our business to go after anybody else; we have enough to do in the church, and we will never build up the church by running after the poor people around here. Anyway,' he continued, 'he had noticed that the minister spent too much time going after outsiders when the insiders needed so much attention.'

Another one, a good man, arose and said: 'I think that our minister is on the wrong track; we need to keep our heads high in the air, for the more you think of yourself, the more will others think of you. If we had more things going on, more concerts and cantatas and carnivals, the people around here would take pride in this church. Give them something to look at, something to do; take them into the choir.'

The third one said: 'I am perfectly willing to be forgiven, but I don't think that Brother Mcdonald did right by Mr. Brown seven years ago, and the church will never be blessed until Deacon B. takes his walking papers.'

They said this, and stared the Lord straight in the face as he stood by the door of the Lower Town church, and he turned away, weeping as he went for he loved these selfish, worldly, unforgiving people, and he heard the cry of the unsaved coming up against them at the last day



"LOOKING MY BEST!"

"Do it at home, and you will do it abroad."

A Coward's Heroism.

The walk to school was a pleasant one. Helen sang softly to herself as she swung along the shaded country road with her bag of school-books swaying to and fro on her arm, like a great pendulum of knowledge. At the corner Leonard Green joined her as usual. That was one reason why the walk to school was a pleasant one. Helen and Leonard liked one another thoroughly, and with pure school boy and girl frankness.

'Hello! I expected to miss you to-day,' cried Leonard. 'I had to wait for Aunt Kitty to finish a letter.'

'And I had to wait to wash the dishes,' said Helen. 'It was Mildred's turn to do them; but she began by scalding her hand, poor child, so I had to stop and finish them after I had made the beds. You know we take turns."

'My! Wish I had a brother to take turns with me!'

'Yes, but you would have to share your pleasures, too. How would you always like to take turns on your trips to the city? How would you like continually to be taking your choice between some pleasure and the overwhelming blessedness of generosity? Say! How would you always like to feel you must either give up the best end of a thing or else make your brother give it up? H'm?' asked Helen, nodding her head merrily.

'Well, that would be Dobbin's choice,' admitted Leonard; 'but perhaps we could both go together sometimes. And a thing is always more fun when there is another fellow along. Why! What does this mean?' For, chatting carelessly along, they had, in turning a corner, come directly upon a large sign which blocked the road:

'Dangerous passing!
This road closed for repairs."

'It evidently means that they are repairing the old red bridge that they've been talking about so long,' said Helen. 'But let's go on! They can't have torn it all up so early in the day, and it's a mile farther around the other way.'

'It'll be a mile and a half if we go clear to the bridge and then have to go back.'

'But I shan't go back if there is a single plank to cross on!' declared Helen, merrily.

'Then, certainly, we would better take the other road, so you won't be tempted to run too great a risk,' said Leonard.

'H'm!' sniffed Helen. 'If I'm not afraid, you needn't be a coward for me! Come on!' The voice was imperative, and the tone scornful. Leonard knew it would be wiser to obey the warning on the sign-board, but Helen's scorn provoked him to walk on with her.

'There!' cried the girl, when they came in sight of the old red bridge. 'There are the men at work on the bridge. And see! There are planks all the way across!'

'Shore now, Missy, them planks ain't nothin' but the rotten lining,' said the foreman. 'I wouldn't warrant 'em to bear up under a cat.'

Helen went up and tried the end plank boldly with a determined little foot.

'Shore, Missy, they mayn't be that strong all the way across,' said the man, dropping his iron and coming towards her. 'Ye'd best not try another.'

For answer Helen gave a bright little laugh, and, slipping away from all detaining hands, sprang from board to board as lightly as a sunbeam, until she stood on the firm ground at the south end of the bridge. Then she turned, and laughed again at their frightened faces.

'Now, Leonard, show your courage!'

'No, no!' cried the men, hastening to prevent, by force, if need be, this foolhardy attempt. 'The lad weighs fifty pounds more. He shall not try it!'

'But the boards did not even bend or crack,' said Helen. 'They are as firm as they were last week when tons of hay came over—only the top planks off. Come on, Leonard, or you will be late for school; and I shall tell them all it was because you were such a "fraid-cat." Come on!'

'If ye step one fut on that bridge, I wash me hands of all consequence,' said the foreman.

'Come on,' laughed Helen, 'if you are not a coward.'

Leonard set his lips firmly. A

dare is one of the greatest temptations a boy can meet. The boy who can be brave and strong enough to resist a dare is safe in all manner of temptations. Evil can scarcely reach one clothed with the invulnerable mail of courage to appear a coward for wisdom's sake.

'Shall I come half-way to help you?' laughed the sweet, taunting voice.

'No!' shouted Leonard. 'I will not run such a risk for the mere nonsense of showing my nerve. I should be ashamed to do it. I will not come one step!'

'Yes, you will!' cried Helen, piqued now to show the strength of her influence over him. 'Come, little boy!' she laughed teasingly, as she tripped lightly back over the blackened boards. 'Come to school with ——'

A crack, a crash! and a scream of terror! The next instant Helen was hanging by her dress and one arm to the beam just below where a treacherous board had broken and let her through. She tried to secure her balance and climb back, but the catching of her dress which saved her from being plunged into the swift flowing river below now held her so securely that she was helpless.

'Arrah! Arrah!' cried the men, wringing their hands in dismay. 'Run for a ladder! It'll niver do fer any man to venture on them rotten boards, where even that light little creature couldn't go! Run for a ladder or a boat!'

'She'll drop afore ye could get either,' muttered another, peering over at Helen's ashen face.

Give me that rope!' cried Leonard, with unflinching eyes.

One of the men handed it up automatically. To obey such a spirit was instinctive.

'Shore, ye mustn't go a step onter the bridge, or we'll hev two o' ye in the fix,' whispered the foreman, hoarsely.

'Hold this end! Strong now! Pass it around that tree!' commanded Leonard; and without a moment's hesitation he began to creep cautiously over the skeleton bridge. The men held their breath to watch the brave lad. Once, twice, a board cracked and almost gave way; but Leonard quickly threw his weight back, and advanced from another direction. When he reached Helen, she was too exhausted to help herself; but, by the aid of the rope, they managed at last to draw her back to the safe, firm earth once more. Then how the men cheered! And how proudly they shook hands with the pale young hero!

'Shore, ye've did a big thing ter risk yer own life ter save hers, after her tauntin',' said one of the men, bluntly, but with honest feeling; 'but, me lad, the bravest thing ye did was to refuse to run the risk fer a mere stump! I wish I had a boy o' me own wid your spirit!'

One of the men had hastened to the nearest barn for a horse and carriage; and poor, foolish little Helen was taken home as tenderly and with as little rebuke as if the accident had not been caused wholly by her own folly.

It was over a week before her strained nerves would admit of her seeing any one. Then she called for Leonard.

'I can't ever tell you how sorry I am that I was such a little goose as to tempt you by calling you a coward,' she said.

'Oh, that was all right. I suppose I really was one,' laughed Leonard; 'for I nearly fainted from terror the moment I touched the ground with you. If the man had not cheered loud enough to scare my senses back again just then, I should certainly have collapsed.'

'You saved my life,' said Helen; 'but you would have saved it so much more easily if I had only heeded your warning. But, Leonard, honestly, I didn't think you a coward for a single minute. I admired you most of all when I was the most scornful; for a boy who can resist a dare to show his courage—and from a girl, too—is a real hero, and I knew it.'—'The Advance.'

The Pine Tree and the River

(Mary N. Prescott in New York 'Independent.')

A Pine Tree grew on the bank of a river. The wind blew through its branches, like the fluting of an aeolian harp, as if every pine-needle were a string. It had been growing there a hundred years; generations of little birds had built among its boughs; the tide had been going in and out for a much longer time. One day it seemed as if the old tree reached its ragged arms to follow.

'Every day you go gadding off,' said the Pine Tree, 'while I have never stirred from this bank since I was a tiny seed, cradled in a cone. I am tired of staying at home. I long to go with you.'

'But I am sent,' answered the River. 'I have errands to do. I must float ships out to sea. I must help the hay-makers with their gundalows to get up from the salt-marshes. I must give the fishermen a lift. I have spindles to turn and great booms of logs to send down in the spring. It is not altogether a pleasure-trip that I take. If I were late, if I were to take a holiday or a recess, how many plans would be upset! I sometimes wish I could rest awhile.'

'And I wish I might travel, as you do. I feel as if I were in prison. You, and the sun, and the wind, and even the litle stars all take your journeys. I have heard that certain plants make excursions. I understand that there are coral islands, far out at sea, built by tiny insects; and a sun that shines at midnight in the north; and a cross of stars in the southern sky; and a stream of warm water flowing along the ocean; and strange winds that blow one way for six months at a time; and mountains that smoke; and I long to float away with you into that world of wonders.'

And the Pine Tree murmured day and night, and by and by a woodchopper came and cut it down, and floated it upon the river, with a vast company of other logs, and it was shaped into a ship's mast, and travelled around the world, and was wrecked on a coral reef.

Faithful in Little Things.

I cannot do great things for Him,
  Who did so much for me;
But I should like to show my love,
  Dear Jesus, unto Thee.
Faithful in very little things,
  O Saviour, may I be!

There are small things in daily life
  In which I may obey,
And thus may show my love to Thee;
And always, every day,
There are some little loving words
  Which I for Thee may say.

There are small crosses I may take,
  Small burdens I may bear,
Small acts of faith and deeds of love,
  Some sorrows I may share;
And little bits of work for Thee
  I may do everywhere.

So I ask Thee to give me grace
  My little place to fill,
That I may ever walk with Thee,
  And ever do Thy will—
That in each duty, great or small,
  I may be faithful still.

—'Child's Companion.'

LESSON III.—JULY 16.

The Hebrews in the Fiery Furnace.

Dan. iii., 14-28. Read the chapter. Memory verses 16-18.

Golden Text.

'Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us.'—Dan. iii., 17.

Home Readings.

July.

10. M.—Daniel 3: 1-7. The golden image.
11. T.—Daniel 3: 8-18. The fiery furnace.
12. W.—Daniel 3: 19-30. The fiery furnace.
13. Th.—Isa. 43: 1-7. God's presence in trouble.
14. F.—Isa. 41: 8-16. An Almighty Helper.
15. S.—I. Peter 4:12-19. Patience in suffering.
16. Su.—Acts 12: 1-11. The Lord's Angel.

Lesson Text.

Supt.—14. Neb-u-chad-nez'zar spake and said unto them, Is it true, O Sha'drach, Me'shach, and A-bed'ne-go, do not ye serve my gods, nor worship the golden image which I have set up?

School.—15. Now if ye be ready that at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, and all kinds of musick, ye fall down and worship the image which I have made; well: but if ye worship not, ye shall be cast the same hour into the midst of a burning fiery furnace; and who is that God that shall deliver you out of my hands?

16. Sha'drach, Me'shach, and A-bed'ne-go, answered and said to the king, O Neb-u-chad-nez'zar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter.

17. If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine hand, O king.

18. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.

19. Then was Neb-u-chad-nez'zar full of fury, and the form of his visage was changed against Sha'drach, Me'shach, and A-bed-ne-go: therefore he spake, and commanded that they should heat the furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be heated.

20. And he commanded the most mighty men that were in his army to bind Sha'drach Me'shach and A-bed'ne-go and to cast them into the burning fiery furnace.

21. Then these men were bound in their coats, their hosen, and their hats, and their other garments, and were cast into the midst of the burning fiery furnace.

22. Therefore because the king's commandment was urgent, and the furnace exceeding hot, the flame of the fire slew those men that took up Sha'drach, Me'shach, and A-bed'ne-go.

23. And these three men, Sha'drach, Me'shach, and A-bed'ne-go, fell down bound into the midst of the burning fiery furnace.

24. Then Neb-u-chad-nez-zar the king was astonished and rose up in haste, and spake, and said unto his counsellors, Did not we cast three men bound into the midst of the fire? They answered and said unto the king, True, O king.

25. He answered and said, Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God.

26. Then Neb-u-chad-nez'zar came to the mouth of the burning fiery furnace, and spake, and said, Sha'drach, Me'shach, and A-bed'ne-go, ye servants of the most high God, come forth, and come hither. Then Sha'drach, Me'shach, and A-bed'ne-go, came forth of the midst of the fire.

27. And the princes, governors, and captains, and the king's counsellors, being gathered together, saw these men, upon whose bodies the fire had no power, nor was an hair of their head singed, neither were their coats changed, nor the smell of fire had passed on them.

28. Then Neb-u-chad-nez'zar spake, and said, Blessed be the God of Sha'drach, Me'shach, and A-bed'ne-go, who hath sent his angel, and delivered his servants that trusted in him, and have changed the king's word, and yielded their bodies, that they might not serve nor worship any god, except their own God.

Lesson Hymn.

'Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.
'When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,'
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee—I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.'

—Keith.

Suggestions.

The three lads who with Daniel had refused the defilement of the wine and meat from the king's table sixteen years before the events of this lesson have now grown to be prominent young rulers in the province of Babylon, under king Nebuchadnezzar.

'Nebuchadnezzar had just returned from a triumphant campaign against his enemies in the west and south,—against Egypt, Syria and Arabia.' To celebrate his victorious return he causes an immense statue to be erected. This was either an image of Bel-Merodach, the principal god of the Babylonians, or, as seems more likely, an image of Nebuchadnezzar himself, ninety feet high and nine feet broad. As this measure would be disproportionate for a man's figure, the height probably includes the pedestal.

Before this immense gold plated image the king summoned all the princes, judges and rulers of the province of his dominion, and all the people and nations and languages over which he ruled. A herald loudly proclaimed to them the will of the king, that at the sound of the great orchestra, every body should instantly fall down and worship the image which could be plainly seen even twelve miles away. The orchestra began to play, the people all bowed down touching their heads to the ground—all? —no, three of the foremost young rulers of Babylon stood upright, fearlessly refusing to bow to the image! Who are these three men? Do they not know that the king has threatened a horrible death to any man who disobeys this command? Dare they defy the king and refuse to worship his image?

Ah, these are the three young Hebrew servants of the living God. These men worship Jehovah who has commanded them to worship no images (Ex. xx., 2-5). These men choose to obey God rather than man, no matter what the cost may be. These men in the long years of captivity have made the best of their opportunities, they have, midst temptations and trials of no ordinary sort, developed strong, godly characters. This one act of splendid heroism is the outcome of a daily walk with God. These men have chosen God in every act of their lives, it would seem impossible to be disloyal now.

Yet they were not really beyond the reach of temptation. God had hitherto kept them in favor with the king, but their faithfulness and purity of life had made them many enemies amongst the petty princes and men of their own rank. These were quick to see the conduct of the Jews and to maliciously report it to the king. The king furiously summoned them before him, and offered them one more chance to obey him, or be cast into the fire. The Jews might have reasoned that this one little act of homage would be soon accomplished and quickly forgotten, and that they might then live many years to serve the living God. They might have thought that thus a little evil would bring forth much good. They might have thought of a good many excuses for being disloyal to Jehovah—as many a man has done since. They were truly tempted, but by resisting daily temptations they had grown strong, and now they answered without hesitation that they would not worship the image, and that the living God whom they obeyed would certainly deliver them from the power of the king. Even were the fire their death, by it God would deliver them from the power of the heathen king, and bring them safely to abide 'in the house of the Lord forever.'

Uncompromisingly the three friends answered the king, and he furiously ordered their instant cremation. But Jehovah honored the man that trusted him, and caused their enemies to bring them again out of the midst of the fire, and they came out of the furnace without one hair being singed! Thus was manifested the power of God and his ability to deliver those who honestly trust him.

'The cornet was a horn; the flute, a shepherd's pipe of reeds, or a small organ; the harp a kind of guitar or lyre; the sackbut, a large harp; the psaltery, or dulcimer, a stringed instrument without a neck, played with little hammers, the original of the pianoforte. The dulcimer, or symphonia, was a sort of bagpipe.' 'Coats, hosen and hats' are translated in the Revised Version as 'hosen, tunics, mantles.' The ancient descriptions show that the Babylonians wore a long undergarment of linen, over which a woollen gown or tunic was fastened, and a short cape was thrown over the shoulders or fastened round the head by a cord.

The Bible Class.

Deliverance.—Psa. xxxiv., 6. 7: 1., 15; xci., 3, 9-15: Dan. vi., 16, 20-22, 27: Matt. x., 30.

Suitable Hymns.

'O worship the king,' 'All people that on earth do dwell,' 'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,' 'Simply trusting every day,' 'Trust and obey.' 'He is able to deliver thee.'

Tobacco Catechism.

CHAPTER VI. — EFFECT UPON THE STOMACH.

(By Dr. R. H. McDonald, of San Francisco.)

1. Q.—What effect has tobacco on the stomach?

A. It relaxes the lining of the stomach and bowels, often causing hemorrhage and other stomach and bowels affections.

2. Q.—What argument do smokers sometimes use in favor of tobacco?

A.—They say 'it must be good for digestion. My stomach is uneasy after eating until I smoke my cigar.'

3. Q.—When a man smokes to quiet his stomach after eating what does he do?

A.—He does not remove signal. He quiets his nerves for a time, making them more feeble and irritable afterwards.

4. Q.—Does tobacco aid digestion?

A.—Tobacco narcotizes and deadens the pangs of a dyspeptic stomach, just as brandy and whiskey do, only to render it more and more incapable of doing proper work.

Dr. Hart, of the New York Dispensary, asserts that the organs of digestion and nutrition are impaired by the use of tobacco; and though in some cases tobacco may for a time appear to relieve the stomach, it always cripples the digestive powers and sometimes destroys them.

5. Q.—How does tobacco injure digestion?

A.—The saliva which is needed to soften the food and render it suitable for digestion is either spit out or poisoned with tobacco and this weakens the action of the stomach.

6. Q.—What is saliva?

A.—It is a thin, colorless, frothy liquid secreted in the glands of the mouth, commonly called 'spittle,' which passes into the stomach with the food, and aids in the process of digestion.

7. Q.—What effect has smoking and chewing upon the salivary glands?

A.—The little glands of the mouth are so

irritated that they pour forth this fluid in too great a quantity.

8. Q.—What then happens?

A.—The person must either swallow this filthy fluid and injure his stomach, or spit it out and thus spit away half of his health.

9. Q.—What does Dr. Henry Gibbons say on this point?

A.—'Though the waste of saliva is a violation of natural laws, the swallowing of it saturated with nicotine is still worse. There is no escape from the dilemma.'

10. Q.—Do chewers of tobacco ever swallow the juice?

A.Yes, and in proportion to the quantity of the poisonous juice they swallow or absorb, their appetite is impaired and their powers of digestion gradually weakened.

11. Q.—What renowned General acquired the habit *of* swallowing the juice?

A.—General Hancock. Governor Sullivan states that this habit increased his attacks of gout and also hastened his death.

12. Q.—What does one writer give as an estimate of the quantity of salvia that a chewer of tobacco destroys?

A.—That a chewer drains his system of seventy-one barrels, or nine tons of weight in fifty years, if he spits only a teaspoonful in five minutes.

Can we wonder that the chewer is haggard, when he spits away his own weight in less than six months?

13. Q.—What is said of this waste?

A.—That the salivary glands are so exhausted that alcoholic liquors are called for.

14. Q.—Does tobacco produce thirst?

A.—It does, by causing a feeling of heat and uneasiness in the throat and stomach.

15. Q.—What effect does tobacco have on the appetites?

A.—If often stimulates them and makes men crave strong drink, and other hurtful indulgences.

16. Q.—Does it affect the breath?

A.—It gives it a stale and very disagreeable odor. This causes the users of tobacco to be particularly offensive to ladies and people of refined tastes.

Why He Quit Drinking.

A professional gentleman, who was accustomed to take his morning glass, stepped into a saloon, and going up to the bar called for whiskey. A seedy individual stepped up to him and said:

'I say, squire, can't you ask an unfortunate fellow to join you?'

He was annoyed by the man's familiarity and roughly told him:

'I am not in the habit of drinking with tramps.'

The tramp replied:

'You need not be so cranky and high-minded, my friend. I venture to say that I am of just as good a family as you are, have just as good an education, and before I took to drink was just as respectable as you are. What is more, I always knew how to act the gentleman. Take my word for it, you stick to John Barleycorn, and he will bring you to the same place where I am.'

Struck with his words, the gentleman set down his glass and turned to look at him. His eyes were bloodshot, his face bloated, his boots mismated, his clothing filthy.

'Then, was it drinking that made you like this?'

'Yes, it was, and it will bring you to the same if you stick to it.'

Picking up his untouched glass, he poured the contents upon the floor and said, 'Then it's time I quit,' and left the saloon, never to enter it again.—'National Temperance Advocate.'

Do you know the good old saying found between the lids of your big family bible, 'He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city!' What a marvellous help a good temper is to our temperance work. If we are snappy and snarly the work will be hindered, because everybody will say, 'Oh, I don't want to be a teetotaler if that is one;' and they will judge our cause by the people who practice it. So let all teetotallers be good tempered ones, so that it cannot ever be said, 'Those teetotallers are such a disagreeable lot.' If we learn of Christ he will maks us like himself, meek and lowly of heart. Here is a nice little payer:—

'Lord keep me often on my knees,
And keep my temper for me, please.'

Correspondence

Drysdale, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm and have seventy-five acres of land. We live about half a mile from Lake Huron; and in the summer, a few families and we have a picnic there after harvest I go to school every day and I have not missed any days yet this year, I am in the Fourth Reader. I go to Sunday-school and church in the mornings and in the afternoons The church and Sunday-school we go to in the morning is not very far, about forty rods. My Sunday-school teacher is Miss Johnston. There is a little village about two miles and a half from here, which we call Blake, and we go there for Sunday-school and church in the afternoons, and my teacher's name is Miss Douglas. I have four brothers and three sisters; there are two younger than myself. My papa keeps the store and post-office, and I sometimes mind it for him.

From MAGGIE D. (aged 10.

Fenwick, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, seven years and seven days old. I have an uncle in Alberta, he went three years ago to-day. Two of our neighbors are starting to-day. We have a lot of friends out there. I have a grandma seventy-six years old, she made a trip out to see her son in Alberta, and eight years ago she went to see her son in Vancouver. I have one brother, twelve years old; he passed the entrance last summer. We have horses and cows. I like horses best because I can ride behind them. Our team are sorrels, and their names are Cuff and Cubb. We have a colt, she is a great pet. We call her Beauty. We have two cats: Tiky and Dot. We have a dog; its name is Fred. I have to go across the road to school. We have Sunday-school in the school house in summer, and meeting all the year round. Your little friend,

FERN.

Port Daniel, N. S.

Dear Editor,—My brother has taken the 'Messenger' for the last year and I like it very much. I have two brothers and three sisters. My father is a farmer. I go to school when it is fine, and like my teacher very much. I have a pet lamb and a pet cat. NETTIE. (aged 7.)

Forest City, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My brother gets the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school and we enjoy reading it very much. My grandmother has taken the 'Messenger' and 'Witness' for a great many years. I take music lessons and am in the senior fourth book. I have one sister and one brother, they are at a concert to-night. I will be glad when the holidays are here. I expect to go to the place where I used to live. I have two little girl chums whom I would like to see very much. BESSIE E. R. (aged 11.)

Mansfield.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, thirteen years old, and am very much interested in missions, I think it is a very sad thing to see the little children without bibles, and we children with bibles Our Methodist minister, the Rev. A. P. Lattar is greatly interested in missions. There was a great famine in India a few years ago which was very disastrous; there were people dying in thousands. There were great public rejoicings on March 17, our school scholars all had on a bouquet of shamrocks. Your sincere reader. CARRIE.

[We thank Carrie P. very much for the charming little bunch of spring flowers enclosed in her letter. Ed.]

Amherst Shore, N. S.

Dear Editor,—My grandfather has taken the 'Northern Messenger' and 'Witness' for a great many years. He thinks they are the best papers published in Canada. I read the story page, children's corner, and boys' page of the 'Witness' and nearly all the 'Northern Messenger': I like the 'Northern Messenger' fine, especially the correspondence. I think it is a nice temperance paper. I live on a farm near the seashore, about a mile from our school-house. It is a very pleasant walk in summer, but not so nice on stormy days in winter. In summer we have lots of fun. We go bathing, picking shells, and digging clams on the shore, and, sometimes, go boat sailing. I have a flower bed in summer. I like flowers very much. The pansy is my favorite. I think I would like to live on the prairie (as some of your readers do), there are so many pretty flowers. My only pets are two black cats; but there are quite a few wild birds. In winter they all go away but crows, English sparrows, and sometimes a few swallows and robins, I like birds, and think they are much nicer out doors than in a cage. The swallows build their nests under the eaves of barns, and some are so tame that they build them in out-houses. There are only a few canaries, gold finches, and humming birds here, but the sandbars are generally white with sea-gulls. Black-birds (which are very pretty) are very plenty. I have had fine times this winter, skating and coasting. We had a Christmas tree at our school last Christmas, and got some money to start a library. I go to Baptist Sunday-school. I like to read nice books. I have read our Sunday-school library, a great many Pansy books, David Copperfield and Old Curiosity Shop, The Forge in the Forest (by Chas. G. D. Roberts); Beautiful Joe, Black Beauty, Uncle Tom's Cabin, The Swiss Family Robinson, also In His Steps, His Brother's Keeper, and Crucifixion of Philip Strong, by Sheldon—all of which are nice books. I have read quite a few poems, some of Whittier's, Tennyson's, Byron's and Longfellow's. I like Longfellow's, especially Hiawatha. Your interested reader, S. R.

London. Ont.

Dear Editor,—As there are some of my schoolmates writing just now, I thought I would write too. I attend the Collegiate in this city. The scenery of the country around London is beautiful. There are so many beautiful woods around here, and Springbank is such a delightful place. We usually have our Sunday-school picnic there. We receive the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and I enjoy reading it very much, on account of the interesting stories in it.

This is the first time I have written to you, and I hope you will consider my letter worth putting in the 'correspondence.'

I am, your reader,

Beth A. (Aged 13.)

McDonalds Corners.

Dear Editor,—I would like to write a letter to the 'Messenger.' My brother Laurence has taken the 'Messenger' for the last year and a half, and we are all well pleased with it. We have a Sunday-school about three miles and a half from here, and I go to it as often as I can. I have an excellent Sunday-school teacher. My three brothers and I go to school regularly and we have about one mile and a half to go to school every day. Our teacher's name is Miss Carrie Dowell. E. M. F.

London.

Dear Editor,—As I have seen very few letters from London, I thought I would write one. I go to the Collegiate here. Some of my friends are writing to you now too.

London is a very beautiful place in summer, but is rather too warm for comfort. I hope some one else from London will write. Yours Truly, Madge J. (aged 13.)

Hinchenbrooke, P. Q.

Dear Editor,—I saw a letter in the 'Northern Messenger' from Bessie J. C. and she wanted to know if any of the correspondents' birthdays are on the same date as hers, also if they were the same age. Mine is just the same. I was eleven years old on the 24th day of September, 1893. My oldest brother's birthday is on the same day as mine, but he is two years older. I have two brothers, and three sisters. I live on a farm. My oldest sister takes the 'Messenger.' WALTER B. L.

Huntington, Mass.

Dear Editor,—My papa has taken the 'Messenger' for two years, and I like it very much. I have got three new subscribers for your paper.

I go to school and Sunday-school. I have a sister fourteen years old, her name is Edith. This is my first letter. I hope you will not think it too long to print.

RALPH H. (aged 9.)

HOUSEHOLD.

Profits in Chickens.

(Leda A. Churchill in New York 'Observer.')

There are doubtless many girls who would not enjoy, and should, therefore, never undertake, the management of an entire farm, but who yet need employment, and prefer that it should be out of doors. It has been proven by those whose experience renders them reliable authorities, that such girls are likely to meet their heart's desire in poultry or bee culture. Here we have two occupations in which women have shown themselves experts, and which, when well managed, are very remunerative.

'Poultry raising,' declares Samuel Cushman, for seven years president of the Rhode Island Agricultural College, 'is one of the best paying occupations in which anybody can engage. Women, as a general thing, do better with poultry than men, their tendency to look after small details being much to the advantage of the business. The most successful poultry raisers I have known have been women. One should read up well before he engages in this pursuit, and although the business can be started on small capital, it is better if he has considerable money to put into it at the start.'

Land which is too barren and sterile for anything else serves every purpose of poultry raising.

In a comprehensive article in 'The Cosmopolitan,' John B. Walker, jr., says:

'As the problem of living becomes more complicated from the competition resulting from increasing population, attention is being given to many industries which in former times were held as of little consequence. How to live comfortably off the product of twenty acres, is an interesting question to the man or woman who seeks escape from the confinement of the town or city; and one direction, which is attracting not a few, is poultry farming. The incubators on the market to-day do not require the care of an expert of long standing. There are two classes of apparatus—one heated by hot water, the other by hot air. Some are regulated by thermostatic bars made of brass, iron, rubber and aluminum; others by alcohol, ether, electricity, and the expansion of water. The eggs are placed in trays, and the trays put in the incubators directly under the tank that supplies the heat to the egg chamber—the incubators being built double-walled, and the air space packed with asbestos to prevent sudden changes of temperature from affecting the egg chamber. In size the smaller incubators range from twenty-five to six hundred eggs capacity, and can be operated the year round, although the results are less successful during the hot summer months than in the spring or fall, or even in the winter.

'On the larger poultry farms the incubators have an underground room specially constructed to secure the eggs from sudden changes of temperature. There are poultry plants that, if kept steadily at work, and every egg put in the incubators were hatched, would be able to turn out three hundred thousand chickens each year, and there have recently been built some large incubators with a capacity of sixty thousand hen eggs, which would give a capacity of more than half a million a year.

'The chickens are easily hatched; but it requires the closest watching and much experience to bring them to marketable age. The incubator does not merely do away with the hen as a hatcher, but supplies a demand for broilers at a time of the year when it would be impossible to persuade the hen to set, and is of unlimited capacity, economically considered. Where formerly we were able to hatch one chicken, we can now hatch a thousand.

'In order to give some idea of the profit to be derived from chicken farming, a computation has been made which supposes that each hen averages two hundred eggs per year, and that she is kept for two years and then sold. The estimate regards her as laying thirty-three dozen eggs, for which a fair price would be twenty-five cents per dozen—rather low for fresh eggs. This would amount to eight dollars and eighty-five cents. If it cost two dollars to raise and feed the chicken for two years, there would remain a net profit of three dollars and forty-two cents a year; and the profit derived from ducks and broilers is estimated to be even larger. In New York city and vicinity the poultry and eggs consumed in one year amount to forty-five million dollars—while that of the entire United States probably does not fall below seven hundred million dollars. An estimate published in a leading poultry journal puts the number used in this country last year by calico print works, clarifiers and photographic establishments at fifty-four million dozens, and many additional millions by book-binders, kid-glove manufacturers, and for finishers of fine leather.

'Year by year the agriculturist sees more clearly the advantage of the small, well cultivated farm, and to this class poultry raising is busiest.

'Plum or pear trees can be made to bear wonderfully well when planted in the chicken yard. They not only afford the birds a desirable and efficient shade, but the chickens keep the trees free of insects. In fact, on some of the large poultry farms, the fruit obtained from the trees in the chicken yard, when placed on the market, amounts to a very large item every season.'

'A traveller,' says the writer of 'Women in the Business World,' 'tells of a farmer's daughter in California, who, on her return from college, gave her attention to raising chickens, and netted a thousand dollars a year from her work. She had a number of small inclosures, each with a capacity for forty chickens, with a little house in the centre. The cost of all the inclosures and tiny houses was less than two hundred dollars.'

The same author is authority for the following:

'A chicken farm in New Jersey which has buildings that cost $5,000, all made out of the business, was started three years ago with only $25 in money. The proprietor is a man who has been engaged in business in New York all the time, and could give it his personal attention only nights and mornings. His farm is devoted exclusively to the production of eggs. As he has one thousand laying hens, which he manages to keep laying almost the year round, it is easy to see that his income is very respectable. Some start with a capital of $100 and others have put as high as $40,000 into the business in the beginning.'

Mrs. Mattie Richards, of Natick, Mass., who has been for years a successful poultry farmer, declares that one who is vigilant, careful, neat and attentive, is sure to make a good living at poultry raising.

Selected Recipes.

Chicken Quenelles.—Mix together half a cupful each of the soft part of bread and of finely-chopped or pounded chicken meat, cooked; season the mixture highly with salt and cayenne, and moisten it with enough raw yolk of egg to bind it, so that little olive-shaped pieces can be molded between two small spoons. Either roll the quenelles in egg and cracket dust and fry them, or poach them until they float in boiling water or broth.

Drop Cookies.—I send a recipe which I have never seen in print. One cup of molasses, 1 cup of sour cream with a little salt (or ½ cup of butter and ½ cup of sour milk), 1 teaspoonful of saleratus, 1 egg, flour to make like molasses cake; flavor with ginger and cinnamon, or any other flavoring preferred; beat well together and drop from the spoon on buttered pans. I do not beat the egg before putting it in. These are very convenient to make in a hurry at tea time if desired.

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly).

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c. each.

Ten or more to an individual address, 20c. each.

Ten or more separately addressed, 25c. per copy.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy; United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouse's Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

"In His Steps."

SHELDON'S GREATEST BOOK!

Thrilling, Inspiring, Forceful.

EVERYONE IS READING IT AND TALKING ABOUT IT.

FOR ONLY ONE NEW SUBSCRIBER.

Sunday-School Teachers would do a good thing by putting this book into the hands of each of their scholars. It will exert a tremendous influence for good upon every member of a home.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for one new subscriber at 30c.

Sold singly or in lots at 15c per copy.

'MESSENGER' PREMIUM.

Rodgers's Jack Knife.

This Boy's Knife will give great satisfaction. The blade is 2¼ inches long and made of the very best of steel, being by the celebrated Joseph Rodgers & Sons, of Sheffield, cutlers to Her Majesty, etc., etc.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for two new subscriptions at 30 cents each.

For sale, postpaid, for 30 cents.

'MESSENGER' PREMIUM.

MAPLE LEAF

Blouse Sets.

Including One pair of Maple Leaf Cuff Links, Three Maple Leaf Front Studs, and One Plain Collar Stud.

Very patriotic and very dainty. Made entirely of Sterling Silver, decorated with Pure Gold. A lady who has seen these sets gave her opinion that they would bring $5 in the city stores. However, with our special arrangements we can afford to give them to 'Messenger' subscribers who will send us eight strictly new subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 30c each; or for sale, postpaid and registered, for $1.50. Cash with order.

Our premiums are described honestly. If they be not considered to correspond with the descriptions they may be promptly returned and money will be refunded.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

YOUR NAME neatly printed on 20 Rich Gold Edge, Fancy Shape, Silk Fringed, Envelope Verse, Floral, &c., Cards. This gold Plated Ring and a 25c present all for 10c. Samples, outfit and private terms to Agents, 3c. Address STAR CARD CO., Knowlton, P.Q.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'